

Laughing Gas

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Summary: Lucina just wanted to read her book. But this is the Smash Bros. residence, where boring things like that are replaced with more interesting activities such as chasing your friend who's high off laughing gas around the building. It never ceases to amaze her. (Minutely crack-ish)

Chapter 1: Laughing Gas

Okay, have a slightly crack-ish one-shot about a Monado-wielder high on laughing gas. Have fun?

If Lucina had learned anything, it was that there was no such thing as a "normal day" at the Smash Bros. residence. It was as though everyone was physically incapable of executing a completely average day. Lucina was fine with it; it was better than having a totally monotonous life. But occasionally she couldn't help but wish for at least one calm day every once in a while. Like the day of the infirmary accident, for instance.

She was sitting on the couch and reading a book Robin had lent her. It was so far proving to be a good story, but what made Lucina confused was that the mansion was so *quiet*. She was able to concentrate too well. It was threatening to be...a calm day?

She heard footsteps approaching, and noted out of the corner of her eye someone entering the room.

"Hello Shulk," she greeted her friend, not looking up from her book.

There was a brief pause, then Shulk replied, "Heeeeeeyy, Lucina...what're ya doin'?"

Lucina glanced up at him, confused at his strange inflection. He was just kind of standing in the doorway, swaying slightly with a dreamy smile on his face. He seemed to be having trouble focusing on her.

"...reading a book?" said Lucina, baffled.

"Oh, that's coooooo," said Shulk happily. "I'm playing with Dr. Mario. We're having sooooo much fun!" He gave a weak giggle.

Lucina put down her book and stood up. "What are you talking about?" This was kind of concerning.

"I dunno, I think we're playing tag," said Shulk, smiling like an excited child. "He must be it or sumthin', 'cause he's been chasing me aaaall around. So fuuuuun!" He laughed again, before reverting to a "eureka!" expression with such speed it was almost alarming. "Ohmigosh! I gottan idea! *You* can be it now! Heehee! Lucina's it! Lucina's it!" With that, he turned and raced tipsily back down the hall, laughing.

Lucina just stood there, staring. What just happened?

A few moments later, Dr. Mario jogged in. "Has Shulk come this way?" he panted.

"He sure has," said Lucina. "What is his deal?"

"Well, we had a bit of a, er, gas leak in the infirmary. We got it under control fast, but Shulk seems to have gotten a good amount of it in his system. It's laughing gas," he added, just to clarify that Shulk would not be poisoned to death. "But we have to keep him from running around until it wears off, before he hurts someone."

As if on cue, a huge crash sounded from down the hall, and somebody yelled, "Shulk, what the hell are you *doing*?" Lucina and Dr. Mario looked at each other, then dashed out of the room towards the commotion. She'd been so close to having a day where nothing crazy happened, she reflected bitterly.

They found Shulk in the kitchen amid a huge mess of broken plates. A nearby cabinet was smashed into pieces, the plates it had once held smashed and scattered all over. Directly beneath the cabinet was Toon Link, sprinkled in pieces of wood and glass and clearly out cold. Shulk had thrown himself on top of Robin and both were now struggling on the floor.

"You are gonna be it!" yelled Shulk with slightly slurred authority, pinning Robin to the ground.

"Get off of me! What are you *talking* about?" Robin tried to push Shulk away, but Shulk just kind of collapsed on him in a big pile of tipsy.

"You hafta be it 'cause TL fell asleep when I tagged him!" he wailed. "That was *lame*! He's no good at this game."

"You swiped him with your sword into the cabinet and knocked him out!"

"*I tagged him!*"

Robin began to charge up a ball of electricity in one hand to remove the floppy, screaming Monado wielder from on top of

him. Lucina dashed forward. "Wait, Robin, don't!" she yelled. "He's high!"

"What?!"

Lucina realized how strangely that had come out. "I mean- laughing gas! He's on laughing gas! He's not thinking normal."

Robin let the electricity in his hand go out. "Uh, okay...uh, Shulk, let's not play right now, okay?"

Shulk brightened immediately. "Okay, that's fine! See, Lucina's back!" He leaned in towards Robin and giggled, "She so *purty*..."

Robin smirked at Lucina, who felt her face going red and spluttered, "H-he's on laughing gas, he's just raving! Don't look at me like that."

Shulk stood up and smiled dopily. "Ooo, boy, I could go for some food, how 'bout you guys?"

Dr. Mario, who had been addressing Toon Link, looked up. "Could you take him to his room and watch him? I need to deal with TL. He'll be fine; but Shulk can't be allowed to run around any more."

"I'll take him," muttered Lucina. "Come on, Shulk, let's go to your room."

"Then food?"

"Uh, sure, whatever." If it made him come along. They began to head back upstairs, Lucina walking behind him so that he didn't decide to turn and go the other way. Shulk was humming happily, occasionally needing to be redirected so he didn't walk into a wall.

As they went down the hall, Shulk spotted Ike and Marth a little ways ahead. He darted forward.

"Shulk, wait!" cried Lucina, dashing after him. He skidded to a halt in front of the pair, who looked at him curiously.

"Whooooooooaaaaa," said Shulk, staring at Marth. The prince blinked. "What's the matter?" he queried, confused by Shulk's reaction to his presence.

Lucina caught up to the group. "Sorry, he's on laughing gas, he's acting kind of-"

"Look at that!" Shulk crowed, pointing at Marth. "Lucina got a *haircut*! Wouldya lookit that? I think it looks nice." He then proceeded to prance toward his room, singing, "Lucina got a haircut! Lucina got a haircut-!"

Marth's face was priceless. "Not a word," he growled at Ike, who had opened his mouth gleefully to make a comment. Lucina, determined to keep a straight face, said, "Well I have to go watch him see you bye!" and dashed off again.

Unfortunately, she didn't catch up with Shulk in time to keep him from smashing straight into the wall next to his door. He staggered back and plopped to the ground in a shocked fashion, his expression gobsmailed. His eyes welled up with tears, as if the wall had bullied him in some way, and he took in a shaky breath. He looked like a pathetic child about to unleash a tantrum.

"It's okay Shulk, it's okay!" cried Lucina, desperately trying to calm him down as he breathed heavier. "It's just a wall, see, the door's right here. Let's go into your room."

Shulk stood up, his face turning murderous. He swung out his sword, which was positively deadly considering the confined size of the hall, and raised it above his head.

"FEEL THE POWER OF THE MONADO!" he screamed at the wall, preparing to take out the entire surface like a wrecking machine.

"Uh hey, Shulk!" Lucina quickly grabbed his arm and held it back. "Wow, that sword looks really heavy! I can carry that for you, if you'd like." Best if she confiscated his weapon before he broke anything else.

Shulk lowered his blade and reverted back to the silly, drugged smile. "Suuuuure!" All hard feelings forgotten with the wall, he handed the Monado to his friend.

"Okay," Lucina told him, "it's time for going in the room now." She grabbed Shulk's arm and pulled him through the door.

"But...I thought it was Reyn time?"

Lucina rolled her eyes. "Of course, that too." She closed the door behind them and sank down in a chair, watching Shulk bounce up and down on his bed and go on about Reyn. They were quite lucky, Lucina reflected as Shulk abruptly switched topics to carrots, the laughing gas incident could have been much worse. It could have leaked into the rest of the building, and affected someone else who had the destructive capacity to level the manor even without the drugs.

"...but why *orange*, of all colors?" Shulk was saying, seeming very passionate about discussing carrots with Lucina. "I mean, like, that's just *weird*...isn't it, Lucina? Orange? It's crazy! Orange like a *fire*." He giggled. He appeared to be going into another floppy phase, barely supporting himself with a nearby desk.

"Yep, sure is," Lucina replied. She wished she had some sort of recording device on hand; it would be hilarious to embarrass him with this later. She wondered how long the effects would go on for.

Shulk's smile soon faded, replaced with a confused expression. He looked down at himself. "Wait...I don't..." He frowned. "Why'm I wearing this stuff?" He then proceeded to take off his shirt.

Lucina yelped. "No, Shulk, put that back on! Clothes are good for people!"

The boy had a look of innocent bewilderment on his face. He didn't respond, just swung his shirt back and forth in his hand. He reminded Lucina of a person in the last stages of hypothermia, where they become absolutely convinced that they don't need clothes. *Please don't take anything else off.*

"Shulk, put your shirt back on," Lucina commanded him like a mother addressing a rebellious child.

"*Shulk, put your shirt back on,*" he repeated, giggling. Unfortunately, the article in question slipped out of his rather slack grip as he swung it to and fro, and went straight out the window. Apparently, this was the most hilarious thing on the planet, because Shulk burst into raucous giggly laughter and staggered around in a bad case of jelly legs. He almost fell over and broke his face, but Lucina managed to grab him by his shoulders and hold him up. She looked him straight in the eye in an attempt to get through to him.

"Shulk, we're just going to sit down now, okay? Maybe we can get you another shirt, and you can tell me all about Reyn and carrots, alright?"

The boy smiled dreamily, as though considering the offer. However, at that very moment, the worst possible thing that could have happened occurred.

The doorknob twisted, and the door swung open to reveal Chrom. He walked in casually, saying, "Hey, Lucina, I heard you were in here. I just wanted to-" He stopped dead, staring at the scene in front of him. Lucina realized that she was standing and holding a shirtless Shulk in his room. She let go of his shoulders immediately, making Shulk stagger slightly, his dopey smile still in place.

"N-no," she stammered. "Father- Father, I can-" She broke off in terror as Chrom swelled like an angry bull.

Explosion in three...two...one...

To the shippers: Interpret that last scene as you wish. I know what you'll be thinking. XD